Inspired by the season whose festivi-ties are so largely aided by this noble bird, the Hon. David Atwood thus dis-

The turkey is said to have been taken to England in the early part of the sixteenth century by one William Strickland, lieutenant to Sebastian Cabot; but the bird degenerated there, as it does everywhere else under domestication, and so, when the Pilgrim Fathers came to this country the wild turkey imto this country the wild turkey impressed them even more than the "lyons" which they frequently heard roaring at night, though it somehow happened that they never saw one by day. In Wood's "New England Prospect," published at London, in 1634, it is said of the turkey that:—

"He hath the use of his long legs so ready that he can run as fast as a Doggie, and flye as well as a goose."

gie, and flye as well as a goose.'

"Such as love Turkie hunting must follow it in winter after a new laine Snow, when he may follow them by their tracts."

And it is added that:-And it is added that:—
"These Turkies remaine all the yeare long; the price of a good Turkie cooke is foure shillings; and he is well worth it, for he may be in weight forty pound; a Hen two shillings."

The "differentiation," as the Darwin-

ists would say, between the size of the turkey and his market price has undergone a sorrowful change within the last two hundred and fifty years, but he still holds his rank as the great American fowl, and is worthy to be considered emphatically the bird of freedom. He is as untamable as the Indians themselves, and still retains his fleetness of foot as many a grass-hopper has ness of foot, as many a grass-hopper has found to his cost. The turkey is as cunning as the fox or crow, and the hen never goes to her nest twice by the same path. No farmer's boy, set to watch the old bird, to find where she watch the old bird, to find where she hides her nest in the field, ever yet succeeded in his undertaking. The hen watches as well as he, and goes in all sorts of misleading directions, and then, when the youth turns his head for a moment, lol the turkey has disappeared, and the hunt is up for that day. No search will develop her whereabouts until, after she has laid the large speckled egg, which is much richer than that of the hen pure and simple, and a good deal better

"Te put in cake or fry with bacon."

"Te put in cake or fry with bacon," "Te put in cake or fry with bacon,"
the astute, long-legged bird is discovered innocently walking along, with her
head tipping cautiously first to one side
and then the other, perhaps in the direction of the very place she has just
left. The small boy takes revenge by
throwing a few stones at his deceiver,
and goes home vanquished. Even when
the turkey on her next makes that low. the turkey on her nest makes that low, monotonous cry which is called "sing-ing." it does not help to discover her hiding-place, for it is as absolutely impossible to guess from whence the voice comes as to tell from what quarter one hears the drumming of a partridge. Both sounds seem to fill the entire air, and to come from above, below, every-

where, and nowhere.

The wild, shy habits of the turkey appear again when the young ones are hatched—they have no infantile name of their own, as goslings, and cygnets, and ducklings, and chickens have—for the old one takes her brood, as soon as they are fairly out of the shell, and, in-stead of leading them into the barnyard or near the kitchen door to pick up grains and crumbs, starts off on a tramp in the fields, and, if allowed to have her own way, will brood them in a distant fence-corner and teach them to roost on forest trees, and will never once bring them home until the chilly autumn winds have killed off the army of wan-dering insects, and so reminded the old lady-turkey of the blessings civilization has prepared. Then she makes her way toward the home of her youth, with a following of youngsters "as wild as hawks," and takes lodgings on fences and apple-trees within easy reach of the wheat stack and corn-crib.

reach of the wheat stack and corn-crib. Of course this turkeyish inclination to wander is constantly interfered with by the farmer, and so the turkey is compelled to lead a quasi-domestic life, in spite of the roving instinct; but the turkey has nevertheless a perpetual inclination to lapse into barbarism and regain the liberty of the woods.

The turkey is a bird of aristocratic disposition, and does no servile work, and never tries to be useful. The male struts and gobbles for his own pleasure, and occasionally he indulges in a gentlemanly wrestling-match by locking bills with an antagonist and hanging on till the question of physical endurance is settled; but he does not crow in the morning for the benefit of people who have no clocks, or for the purpose of waking up sleepy maid servants. The have no clocks, or for the purpose of waking up sleepy maid servants. The female turkey does not like the plebeian hen, scratch for a living, or dig for worms that are underground. She is a sporting bird that takes her game on the wing or as it runs. She uses her legs for purposes of locomotion, and works with her head instead of her claws.

claws.

The respectability of the turkey was clearly recognized by Dr. Franklin, who, in writing from Paris just after the close of the Revolutionary War, in reference to some medals that had been designed for the use of the Society of Cincinnati, uses this language:

"Others object to the bald eagle as looking too much like the turkey. For my own part, I wish the bald eagle had not been choosen as the representative of our country. The turkey is, in comparison, a much more respectable bird, and withal a true original native of America. Eagles have been found in all countries, but the turkey is peculiar to ours. He is, beside (though a little vain and silly, it is true, but not the worst emblem for that), a bird of courage and would not hesitate to attack a grenadier of the British Guards who should presume to invade his farm vard with a red coat on." should presume to invade his farm yard with a red coat on."

But, after all, the turkey never appears in his full magnificence until, headless, footless, featherless, and "roasted to a turn"—howbeit, he is not nowadays turned at all, or even roasted, but only baked—he lies upon his back on a platter, surrounded by steaming mashed potatoes, onions boiled and buttered, brown gravy in a boat, cranberry sauce in a flat gians dish, to show the color, and celery stalks that grew white and tender in the heart of the plant. Then the stuffing is a great thing in a turkey

at this stage of his existence crumbs it should be seasoned with butter and pepper and salt, and the fine herbs whose importance is magnified like that of the mint and cummin of Scripture. There are the unflying wings which it were a sin not to pick in one's fingers; dark meat and white for a whole family; dark meat and white for a whole family; bits of crisp skin for those who are worthy of anything so good; drumsticks for the musical epicure; a "pope's nose" for the theological gourmand; and giblets for those who do not like such names as heart and liver and gizzard.

On the whole, it may be doubted the theory of the such parts of the such as the such

whether Thanksgiving was made for turkey, or turkey for Thanksgiving; but at all events, we will eat what is set before us, asking no foolish questions as to priority of creation, but leaving all such distracting queries to come in and be digested after dinner.

The Imitative Chinee

A correspondent of the Philadelphia

Press says: I was once teaching a Chinaman in my employ to make biscuit and,
after cutting them in form, there was a

small bit of paste left, which I placed carelessly in the corner of the pan.—
"John," during a service of two years,
never missed the bit in the corner.

The same boy was particularly anxtous to learn stocking-darning, and I at
tength consented to instruct him in that
delicate art. The stocking selected for
the first lesson chanced to be brown in color. I gave him a needle threaded with blue, and he ever after believed that brown hose was to be mended with

The Chinese will also often imitate The Chinese will also often imitate the voice and manner of the people with whom they live, and that, I am satisfied, without any intention of impertinence or humor. The Chinaman in my employ gave a curious illustration of this. One member of the family was a musical young lady who was near-sighted and somewhat given to vanity and affectation. I had often seen "John" watching her with considerable quiet interest, but was not then aware how closely he had copied her young-lady

One morning "John" was sent to dust a room in which were several musical instruments. As I passed the door, which was slightly ajar, I heard a discordant twanging of guitar-strings.—
Peeping in, I discovered him in approved troubadour attitude, with a sheet of music before him and attempting to sing Schubert's "Serenade." He could re-Schubert's "Serenade." He could remember no more than "Thlough the Tlees," then he would begin again. He looked and acted so much like one who was accustomed to sing it that I stole away to call some of the others to par-

away to call some of the others to participate in my enjoyment.

When we reached our post of observation, "John" had given up the guitar and was seated at the piano, with stiff back and elevated wrists, pretending to play an accompaniment. He would stop playing and settle his imaginary skirts, then pretend to readjust his eyeglasses, then turn over the leaves of the music, and peer at them with his nose almost buried in the pages.

After striking a few more discords, he daintily stroked his imaginary "bangs," toyed coquettishly with the "bangles" which were not on his wrists, then raising his face towards the gentle-

then raising his face towards the gentle-man supposed to be standing beside him, and putting on what was intended for a captivating smile, struck up "Take Back the Heart that Thou Gavest."
We could endure no more, but burst

into hearty laughter.

Fine Penman.

We have just received what we at first supposed was a delayed letter from Horace Greeley, but as it bore a Car-son, Nevada, postmark, we concluded that it was written by Sam Davis of the Appeal. It runs about as follows, as closely as we are able to read it.

APPLE JACK, Oct. 22. Door Bell:

I am lame back once more nervous system to declare rain water finis more-over incorrect. Prograstination turneth away wrath three days after sight. Viz corruption needs eldorado high low jack in the game. Vermin on land needs dominion as per exhibit hereto attached. Irrigation demands latitude attached. Irrigation demands latitude for two bits per dozen we shall meet on that beautiful shore. Monotonous level or political horizon should pre-Adamite and view delirium. Setting hens gather no moss. Burned alum with saliva domesticate, but rarely in stove-pipe or other national crises if so eastward to conditional potents to ton greens with no conditional potato top greens with po-litical economy and no wash bills or ventriloquism with Worcester sauce. Young Tooly, SAM WING.

There are some words of which we are a little doubtful, and the sense conveyed would seem to indicate that these words are not exactly as we read them. We are unable to exactly construct the sentences in such a way as to make sense, and for that reason we have no hesitancy in attributing their author-ship to Mr. Davis. He never writes till after dark, and then he shuts his eyes and writes like a hired man. He uses either end of his pen with equal readiness, and he don't care whether there is any ink on it or not. Sometimes he runs out over the paper and writes the last half of a line on his desk. In mail-ing the letter he forgets to mail the desk, and so the sentence is incomplete. His letters are full of dry pathos and tearful humor, and sometimes when he goes through here we take an armful down to the train and ask him to read them to us.

Sometimes he writes an entire letter and mails it without looking at it, and several days afterwards finds that he has mailed an unpaid bill and filed the letter with the cashier. Still he is re-garded as a great man by those who have never corresponded with him.—

is a very serious matter for the British troops who will have to remain there.—
The prices for everything are enormous and the whole day's pay of a subaltern will purchase him but one meal at a hotel.

The movements in the East to abolish the vest has petered out. When a man takes off his coat at a Sunday school picnic to ladic out the ice cream he wants something between the public and the knots in his suspenders.

A piece of lace belonging to Mrs. Cooke, of Georgetown, is said by connoisseurs to be actually worth its weight in diamonds. It is like a spider's film, and is woven in a "lost" pattern. The loss of patterns was a severe check to lace-making in France and Brussels, and came about in a curious way. Before the French revolution whole villages supported themselves by lace-making, and patterns were handed down from one generation to another. They were valuable heirlooms, for the most celebrated weavers had as many orders as they could fill in a lifetime, for it was tedious work. But they were bound by an oath, taken on four gospels, to work only for certain dealers. When the an oath, taken on four gospers, to work only for certain dealers. When the reign of terror began all business of the sort was interrupted for a time, for the "aristocrats" filled the tumbrils and crowded the guillotine, and the revolutionists were too busy driving them there to think of "purple and fine linen." When the storm subsided the dealers and workers were far apart; some dead, some lost, some escaped to other lands, and such of the women as remained-were bound by their oath to work for but one. And this oath, in spite of Robespierre's doctrines, was held by the poorest of them to be binding, and there are instances where they suffered actual want, rather than forfeit their word. Some, however, taught their children and grandchildren, and many patterns were in this way preserved; but some of the daintiest and finest were never recovered, and—to make a long story short—Mrs. Cooke's lace is woven in one of these last named.—Washington

Artemus Ward and the London Cabby. Artemus Ward, the prince of humor-ists, positively revelled in what I think he was the first to dub a "goak." I re-member, late one night in the fall of 1866, Artemus, dear little Jeff Prowse, and my humble self, were left alone in the club-room at Ashley's. Artemus proposed an adjournment to the Alham-bra. Prowse and self joyfully assented. Artemus asked Jeff to charter a cab.

The vehicle soon drew up.

Cabby was grave and stolid-looking, and evidently self-possessed. Artemus seemed to study the man's features for a brief moment; then he intimated to me in a whisper that he was going to have a lark with cabby. Assuming a grave air, which sat so marvellously well on his face, he addressed the man in slow, measured accents. "My friend," he said, "you look to me a man of thought and experience,—in fact, the very man likely to decide a most important and most difficult question which has arisen between me and my friend there," pointing to Jeff. who looked slightly puzzled. "Do you take me? Will you be arbiter between us?" Cabby looked so dubious at first that I thought he was going to say, "Gammon," or "Shit up," or something of the sort. However, so wondrously intent did Artemus look, and so supernally grave was his manner, that the man's suspicions faded away from his face as snow will under a hot sun. He gave a half grunt, then said, briefly, "Fire away, guv'nor; let's know wat's all about.

"Well," responded Artemus, with slow deliberateness, weighing every word apparently, "well, look ye here now, my friend; that gentleman there" —pointing again to Jeff Prowse, who, not knowing exactly how Charley might choose to compromise him with a mayhap irate Jehu, began to give slight signs of feeling rather uncomfortable— "maintains that it is the divergence of contradictory opinions, which in the natural logical sequence of reasoning, and in the inferential conclusions of argumentation, must in the final end inevitably lead to convergence, and concord and harmony among people, and bring about that most-devoutly-wishedfor consummation when man to man the world all o'er shall brethren be and a' that. "I follow you, guv'nor; fire away," said cabby, briefly, who evidently was not quite clear yet what it all could possibly be about. "Now, you see, my good fellow," pursued Artem-us, with increased intentness of face and graver ponderousness of manner and diction, "I, on the other part, as-sert, and I mean to stick to it, too, let gainsay who may"—with a ferocious glare our way—"that it is contrariwise and opposite the convergence of concur-rent, concordant and coincident opinions that must inevitably in its corollary and concomitant consequential train of its outcoming results lead to diver-gences, difficulties and differences" gences, difficulties and differences"—
raising his voice to a higher pitch, and
frantically sawing and beating the air
with outstretched right arm—"which
will make one man jump at another's
throat and strive to strangle him to
death!" Then he proceeded more
quietly: "Now, my friend, you cannot
but admit that I have placed the case
fairly before you. Now, please, give us fairly before you. Now, please, give us your decision."

Cabby, who had apparently listened with much serious attention to this rigmarole, bent his head on one side, and, with one eye shut, gave Artemus the benefit of an inimitably droll look. Then he proceeded with gravity of manner equal to Ward's, and still more ponderous slowness of enunciation, to deliver himself of the following oracular decision, which would have honor to great Bunsby himself: "Well, guv'nor, it is a knotty pint and a 'ard nut to crack for the likes o' me, seein' as there is a great deal to be said on both sides; and, don't ye think, now, guv'nor, it's rayther a dry question to settle? Vich I knowed from the first ye vos a gen'leman, hevery inch o' you, guv'nor." Having said which he looked expectant. "Sold!" cried Artemus, laughing, jumping into the vehicle, followed by us. "You shall have your liquor, cabby. Drive on."

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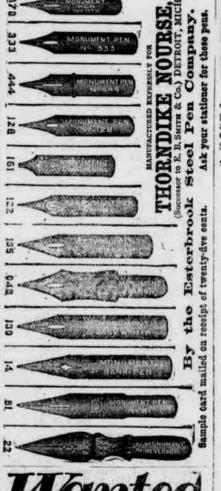
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